

A

# PASTORAL

Upon the DEATH of

## HER GRACE

THE

# Duchess of Ormond.

*Qua nihil majus, meliusve Terris  
Fata donavere, boniq; Divi,  
Nec dabunt: Quamvis redeant in Aurum  
Tempora priscum. Horat.*

### MYRTILLO. ALEXIS.

Myrtillo. **I**F loaded Eye-lids, and a clouded Brow,  
Cross'd Arms, and rising Sighs, great Sorrow shew;  
And if one Friend may know anothers care,  
Why these sad Marks does my *Alexis* wear?

Alexis. *Alas, Myrtillo! cast thy eyes around,*  
*And tell me, What like comfort's to be found?*  
*The Sun has not sent forth one cheerful Ray,*  
*But worn a Cloud of Mourning all the day.*  
*See how our drooping Flocks no Pastures heed,*  
*But bleat about us, and neglect to feed!*  
*Let Nature look in all her Orders sad;*  
*Nor Envy dare to shew it, if she's glad;*  
*Since nothing, nothing now can Joy restore,*  
*For Fate has struck, and PYRRHA is no more.*

Myrtillo. PYRRHA! for whom our daily Vows we pay'd,  
And best-lov'd Younglings on the Altar lay'd;  
For whose long Well-fare, Life, and happy State,  
All grateful Pray'r's on the good Gods did wait;  
Whose Virtue Nymphs were taught to copy young,  
For 'twas the Theme of ev'ry Shepherds Song:  
Has Fate at last prevail'd! And is SHE gone!  
O whither now shall many wretched run!  
The Injur'd, for Redress; the Poor, for Aid;  
Worth, for Reward; or Grief, to be allay'd:  
Since Justice, Pity, Bounty, quits our Plains;  
But Sorrow grows Eternal, and remains.

Alexis. *As full-blown Flow'rs, that long have deck'd the ground,*  
*And with their Odours fill'd the Air around,*  
*Bend down their heads at last to Mother Earth,*  
*And fade away; though to a second Birth;* Or

Or as tall Cædars, who (admir'd) have stood  
 For many years the Glory of the Wood,  
 Finding in time their sated Roots decay,  
 Are by the next rude Tempest torn away :  
 So flourish'd PYRRHA, and as high did rise,  
 Adorn'd the Earth, and seem'd to reach the Skies.  
 Fair, without blemish ; Lofty, without Pride :  
 But, Oh ! the Tempest rose, and PYRRHA dy'd !  
 Gone then's all Spring, now Winter's only ours ;  
 Sighs rise like Storms, and Tears must fall like Show'rs.

*Myrtillo.* If full of Years and Honours PYRRHA fell,  
 Grief may with Swains of humbler Talents dwell,  
 While to a nobler Work our minds we raise,  
 Suspend our Sorrows, and proclaim Her Praise.

*Alexis* As round Heav'n's Throne whole Choirs of Angels throng,  
 Yet all their Triumph's one Eternal Song :  
 So here on Earth should PYRRHA's Praises last,  
 Till Time's no more, and Natures works lie wast.

*Myrtillo.* Then let us tune our Reeds ; Thou first the Lay  
 Begin ; Our Flocks shall listen, and I'll play :  
 Soup to PYRRHA's Fame our Notes we'll raise,  
 Suspend our Sorrows, and proclaim her Praise.

*Alexis.* Mean time, ye boundless Winds, your Gusts forbear,  
 And all ye Hills and Valleys round give ear ;  
 Keep back ye Rivers, and forbear to run,  
 Till the great Tale of PYRRHA's Fame be done :  
 Then let each wind bear it where-e'r it blows,  
 Catch it, ye Hills and Valleys, as it goes,  
 With your assenting Echoes in the close.  
 Murmur it, Floods, as to your Seas ye creep,  
 And with it add new Wonders to the Deep ;  
 For the Renown of PYRRHA's Name shall last  
 Till Time's no more, and Natures Works lie wast.

*Myrtillo.* On then.

*Alexis.* —— As Stars before the rising day  
 Seem in their Orbs to sink, and dive away ;  
 So all the Nymphs upon our fertile Plains,  
 Though proud and cruel to their sighing Swains,  
 When PYRRHA's pow'rful Charms approach'd, they fail'd,  
 And any Satyr might have then prevail'd :  
 So much in blooming Youth cou'd she surprize,  
 Sh'd all the panting Hearts and wishing Eyes.  
 Come then, ye Nymphs of Arcadia, draw near,  
 Weep round her Earth, and all your Garlands tear ;  
 For PYRRHA's Beauty once no Equal knew ;  
 But Fate has seiz'd Her now, and must have You. *Myr.*

*Myrtillo.* PYRRHA's bright Eyes enlightened every Grove;  
 And fir'd at last ALCANDER's Heart with Love;  
 The Nymph found Him a Tryumph worth Her Charms;  
 And She alone was fit to fill His Arms :  
 Many did either Conquest wish t' have made;  
 But only They each other could invade ;  
 For in Her Form did Nature seem improv'd;  
 And He was fram'd to Love and be Belov'd :  
 Therefore Heav'n smil'd, and all the Stars look'd kind;  
 When Pyrrha and Alcander's Hearts were joyn'd.

*Alexis.* Who has not heard of great Alcander's Name,  
 So long the Muses Task, and Pride of Fame ?  
 Pan early chose, and made him great in Pow'r,  
 When the Wolves rag'd, and did out Flocks devout:  
 He took the guard of the molested Plains ;  
 Saw our Lambs fed, and chear'd Us frighted Swains ;  
 Wak'd with us 'midst dark Nights and pinching Colds ;  
 To drive the howling Monsters from our Folds :  
 In all which time, PYRRHA, His charming Bride,  
 Oft came, and watch'd as He did, by His side ;  
 Of his worst dangers still her part would bear,  
 And for all Joys She gave Him, ask'd but care.  
 Now, ye poor Flocks, go bleat about, and stray ;  
 Ye Shepherds, cast your Scrips and Hooks away ;  
 Stretch'd on the ground, your fatal loss bemoan,  
 And call on PYRRHA's Name at ev'ry groan.

*Myrtillo.* Full Fifty happy years this matchlefs Pair  
 Liv'd in unshaken Love ; No Jealous care,  
 Or mean Distrust, did once their Joys molest,  
 So in a Noble Off-spring were They blest,  
 Of Warlike Youths, worthy their Fathers Name,  
 And Daughters, spotless as their Mothers Fame :  
 Bold Celadon, the Darling of loud War,  
 And Strepbon now, whose pious shoulders bear  
 The burden of his aged Fathers care ;  
 Young Damon, lovely as the Beams that play  
 about our East, and lead the coming Day ;  
 Fair Phyllida, who was with Egon wed,  
 And blest Him with a Faithful Fruitful Bed ;  
 Generous Lysca too, by Nature taught  
 To recommend the poor mans caufe unsought.

*Alexis* All these the Off-spring were of PYRRHA's Womb :  
 Come then, ye Mothers, mourn around Her Tomb :  
 In PYRRHA's Name your Mystick Rites perform,  
 When to your Aid ye would Lucina charm,

Either the lab'ring Matrons pangs to ease,  
Or bless the Barren Mourner with increase.

Myrtillo. Oh ! kind *Alexis*, still pursue thy Song,  
How these fair Branches grew, or wither'd young.

Alexis. Brave Celadon through Fate untimely fail'd,  
And was by Pan and all his Train bewail'd ;  
Some mourning Muses sung His Tomb,  
Yet others felt more grief, and thence were dumb.  
Young Damon faded in His Beauties Pride,  
And Phyllida no less lamented dy'd.  
But long may Strephon's Life rejoice the years  
Of good Alcander, and assist His Cares.  
Fulness of time, kind Heav'n, to Lysca give,  
Tis for your Honour, Gods, that She should live ;  
For She, the more of days you Her afford,  
By Her good Deeds will make You more ador'd ;  
Since Lysca was of pious PYRRHA born,  
And PYRRHA's Virtues Lysca's Heart adorn.

Myrtillo. But what shall now give good Alcander joy ?

Alexis. The Gods, when Fate took Celadon away,  
Call'd Daphnis forth, th' Heroick Race to run,  
Which his great Parent had so well begun :  
From Celadon's brave Lom, young Daphnis came,  
Full of His Heat, and conscious of His Fame,  
Whose Mind his Fathers Deeds did so employ,  
He grew Alcander's Hopes, and PYRRHA's joy.  
PYRRHA lov'd Daphnis, and with pleasure found  
The Hero's Virtues in the Youth abound.  
When Daphnis languish'd, PYRRHA did provide  
The charming soft Aminta for His Bride :  
Aminta ! tender as the Lambs that play  
In Sunny morns, and Innocent as They ;  
Sweet as those Ev'ning Airs that gently blow  
Where the rich fragrant Eastern Spices grow ;  
Calm as our Groves in a fair Summers Night,  
And Lovely as the first-created Light.  
Daphnis was born, Aminta's with Him joyn'd,  
To chase all sorrows from Alcander's mind ;  
To add new Honours to His shore of Fame,  
And a long Race of Heroes to His Name :  
His Name, which shall, with PYRRHA's Praises, last  
Till Time's no more, and Natures Works lie wast.